

*The Historie*

Falstaffe, kinde. Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, & therfore more valiant being as he is old Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish not him thy Harries companie, banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I do, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriffe with a most monstrous watch is at the doore.

*Falst.* Our ye rogue, play out the play, I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the hostesse.*

*Host.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Prin.* Heigh, heigh, the Deuil rides vpon a fiddle sticke, whats the matter?

*Host.* The Sheriffe and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to search the house, shall I let them in?

*Falst.* Dost thou heare Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art essentially made without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall coward without instinct.

*Falst.* I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sheriffe so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp, I hope I shall as soone bee strangled with a halter as another.

*Prin.* Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue, now my masters for a true face, and good conscience.

*Falst.* Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sheriffe.

*Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now master Sheriffe, what is your wil with me?

*Sher.* First pardon me my Lord. A hue and crie hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known my gracious Lorde, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*Prin.* The man I do assure you is not here, For I my selfe at this time haue emplotid him:

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